

George W. W. W.

The Gleamer



MORRIS LASKER
MEMORIAL NUMBER

MAY NINETEEN EIGHTEEN

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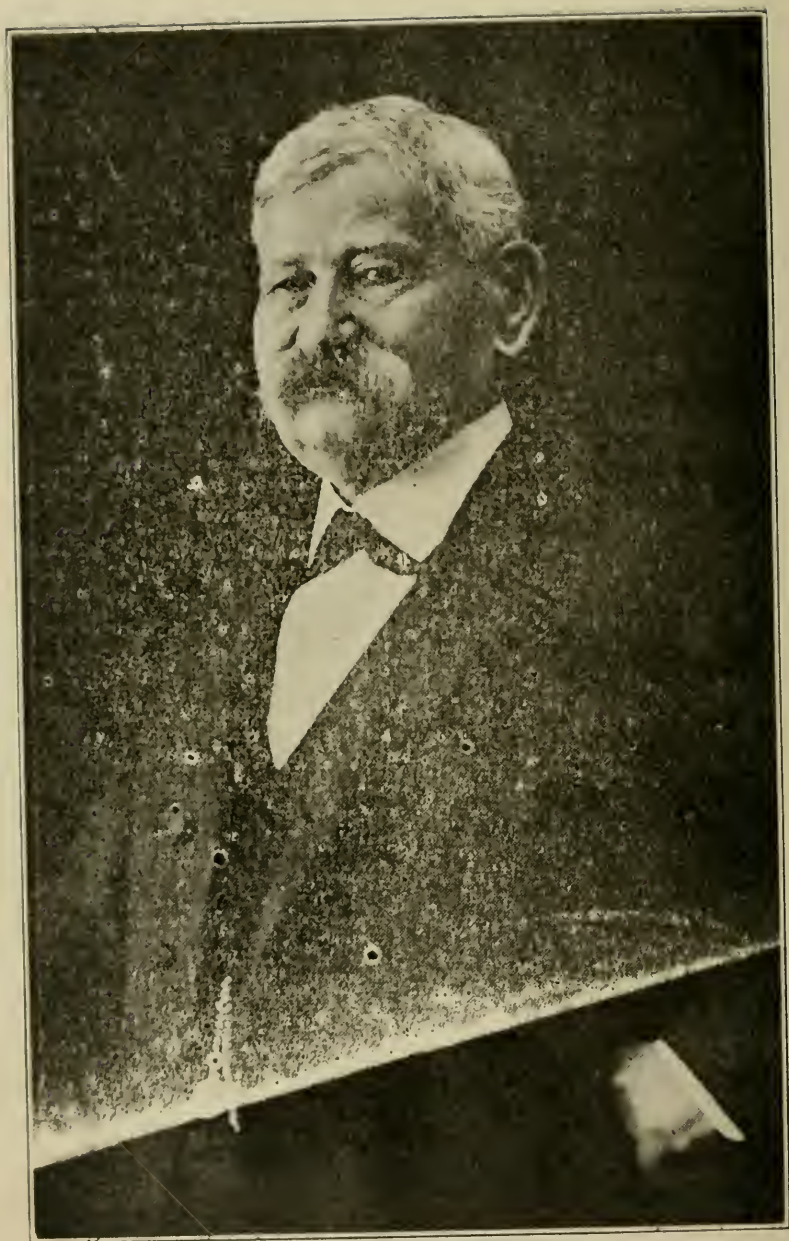
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DEDICATED

To the fond memory of one
who left a field fertile and
blossoming with vegetation—
Vegetation of the heart and soul.
A man of ideals, truth and am-
bition. A model life moulded
on the trellis of uprightness,
purity and simplicity.



MORRIS LASKER

MORRIS LASKER

A notable and interesting career was ended, when in February 29, 1916, Morris Lasker closed his eyes in eternal sleep. Noted for his business acumen and beloved for his philanthropies, the story of Morris Lasker's long and useful life affords a notable example of what a young man thrown on his own resources, with pluck, energy and ambition as his principal assets, may accomplish. From the obscurity of a clerkship in a village merchandise store at Weatherford, Texas, to a position of prominence in the commercial world of Southern Texas was his achievement in a comparatively brief span of years.

Mr. Lasker was a native of the little town of Jarotschin in the Prussian province of Posen. He was but a boy when he came to America in 1854. The ship on which he took passage was carried out of its course by contrary winds, and after being at sea thirteen weeks landed its passengers at Norfolk, Va. In the city of Portsmouth, across the Elizabeth river from Norfolk, young Lasker obtained his first employment in a mercantile house, with which he remained for three years. Determined to better his fortunes he then went to New York City, but failing to find there the opportunities he sought, he took a steamer for Savannah, Ga. There he remained but a short time, leaving Savannah for Florida. After a short period he returned to Savannah, em-

barking thence for Texas, finally going to Weatherford, where he found himself early in 1860.

The outbreak of the war between the states was a fortunate turning point in the history of the young clerk, for, becoming enthused with the spirit of the times he enlisted in the Second Texas Regiment of Cavalry. That regiment saw little action during the first years of the war and became partly disbanded. Young Lasker came to Galveston in 1863 and finding his old regiment in the stage of reorganization, he rejoined his troop. Then came action swift and fierce. The principal conflicts in which he was engaged were the defence of the city of Galveston and the battles around Sabine Pass. The cavalry regiment was ordered over into Louisiana and the young cavalryman found himself in that state at the close of the war with nothing more substantial than a good record as a soldier with which to resume his fight for fortune.

He then returned to Texas engaging in business in various cities, returning to Galveston in 1867 where he finally settled. Here he was actively engaged in various business enterprises until his death. In 1886 he established the Lasker Real Estate Association with himself at its head. From that point in his business career success attended him at every turn. He ac-

uired interests in various banking concerns and was made president of the Citezens' Loan Company which he established. Another successful financial institution he formed was the Island City Savings Bank of which he was president for thirteen years. He was for eighteen years vice-president and chairman of the finance committee of the First National Bank.

In 1910 he purchased the Texas Star Flour Mills, remaining president and active manager of this institution until his death. His minor buisness interests extended to many other cities of the state.

Mr. Lasker for many years evinced a lively interest in political affairs, but would never consent to stand as a candidate for any office of envolument. In 1895 he was elected to the state senate from the Galveston district, but retired at the end of his first term, his rapidly expanding business interests demanding his whole time and attention. He was prominently identified in the building of the Santa Fe Railroad and one of the principal factors in the construction of the line from Galveston to Belton. He served for several terms as president of the Galveston Chamber of Commerce and as a member of the Board of School Trustees of the City of Galveston.

In his loyalty to Galveston and his devotion to the interests of his adopted city Mr. Lasker precedence to no man. While building up his own fortune he gave freely of his time and mon-

ey in the upbuilding of the city. He was conspicuously to the front in every movement for the betterment of the interests of the community. Broad minded in all things, his benefactions, the extent of which only himself knew, were restricted by no creed, race or factional lines. The spirit of true philanthopy animated his giving, and while he believed in discouraging mendicancy by aiding the ablebodied only by assisting them to means of helping themselves, he was always ready to help the helpless. Occupied as he was, he always found time to listen to an appeal for aid, and often his words of sympathy and interest no less than the material help which he gave, but courage to those who asked his assistance.

As member of the Board of Trustees of the Galveston Public Schools for many years, Mr. Lasker was deeply interested in educational problems, and it was he, in company with B. Adore, who furnished the funds for the installation of the manual training department in the public schools of Galveston.

One of Mr. Lasker's latest benefactions was the donation of a large sum to the Lasker ome for Homeless Children, which was subsequently named after him.

Comparatively few of Mr. Lasker's benefactions were made public, as he usually preferred to make his donations in an anonymous way. Among the Galveston institutions which are known to have benefitted from his generosity, however,

are the following: Adone Seamen's Bethel Asterman Widows and Orphan's Fund, Johanna Runge Free Kindergarten, Galveston Orphan's Home, Letitia Rosenberg Home for Women, and the Galveston Public Schools.

In addition Mr. Lasker frequently contributed to institutions outside his home city, amongst them being the Jewish Orphans' Home at New Orleans, the Barlow Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Los Angeles, and the National Farm School at Doylestown, Pa.

Always a loyal Jew, Mr. Lasker evinced an active interest in Jewish affairs and was ever ready to lend his aid to promote the cause of his faith. In 1915 Mr. Lasker celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, and upon that occasion was presented with an engraved resolution of esteem, signed by commercial, charitable and educational institutions of Galveston in recognition of his benefactions.

Morris Lasker came from a family of highly intellectual and prominent people. He was the son of Daniel and Rebecca Lasker, both of whom died in Prussia, the mother dying when Morris Lasker was 18 months old and the father 10 years later. A brother, Edward Lasker, is accorded a place in history as one of the most popular orators who ever sat as a member of the German Reichstag. While a member of that body he became a political opponent of

Prince Bismarck because of his advocacy of free speech in the Reichstag, which the Iron Chancellor opposed.

In 1867 Morris Lasker married Miss Nettie Davis. Eight children were born of this union, six of whom survive.

Morris Lasker's death at the age of 76 was an event which occasioned mourning not only in his home city, but throughout the State. As a manner of marking the esteem in which he was held, the Galveston Commercial Association, through its president, asked that all business in Galveston be suspended for a period of five minutes at the time of his burial. All mercantile establishments, factories and industrial plants throughout the city stopped work for that period.

Notice in the newspapers throughout the country, editorials in the leading Texas papers and resolutions passed by numerous commercial and philanthropic organizations on the occasion of his death, all bear striking testimony to the place which Mr. Lasker held in the country of his adoption. His example still lives "to inspire those who knew and labored with him to continue without discouragement, to persist without faltering in the social and civic service that lay so near his heart and in which earned a fame that did not die with him."

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Literae

M. M. Schlosberg, Editor '19

OUR AMERICAN FRIEND "OFFICER. X"

One had but to look at him to immediately place him as a man from the States. His uniform and shoulder epaulets betokened him a commissioned officer, a captain—we will not encumber the reader with a tedious explanation of how he attained his rank; suffice it to say: he is well liked by his command; had seen six months' of trench service; had joined the artillery, tired of it and joined an ambulance corps; was an eye witness to an air battle and for six months thereafter, was a continual source of annoyance to all enemy planes and a constant admiration of the famous "esquadrielle." From there he reported for trench duty under the American flag, now that they had entered the war. In all having seen two years of actual service under alien flags and was beginning a third year under his own, the American flag. In service he had been wounded several times, once seriously; but apparently bearing a charmed life, had, in each case, when onval, again taken the supreme chance.

It is not the undertaking that thrills and makes history; it is what follows; we might sit on a keg of powder that explodes

two minutes after we get up, or ride on the train before the one that is wrecked. There is nothing thrilling in that—now if we would be sitting on the keg when it exploded, or ride in the train that is wrecked, then—but that is another story, for the papers. Our American friend, Officer X, (we will call him by that name for convenience sake), was preparing to take another chance of life or death, this time for his own flag.

He securely strapped a leather case about his person, and mounted a motorcycle, preparing to a short ride over a half mile of shell strifed road, to carry a message of vital importance to the Field Marshal of a French division at the other end. Nothing thrilling in that, it there? when we consider that this is war.

But what follows in sequence to that ordinary ride may have been due to a fevered condition of our friend's mind. It is not strange; two and a half years of war may turn into almost anything. Officer X started from a certain point, a ruined mill, attaining a speed of over sixty miles an hour before he had fairly entered the pike, which did not resemble a road

as much as it did a piece of poor quality schwitzter cheese.

He flew over the treacherous ground as swift as thought; but thought was a trifle the swifter, and Officer X did think. His bureau of stored up incidents in his life seemed to be disgorging itself from some secret cavern in the mind; they came in perfect sequence: his childhood days, high school, college, home, friends, and here they stopped abruptly.

Though deep in thought he was at all times conizant of the road before him and had maintained an easy guidance of the wheel, but now the shell-torn road was gone, had passed out of his life, in its place he beheld a vision; a seductive, fascinating vision. Mechanically he took a firmer grip of the bars and steered.

And for the first time in his life our American friend experienced actual fear, not the fear actuated by cowardice, but a fear of the heart that made the warm blood run cold and caused beads of sweat to appear on the face; a fear common in lovers.

Love is born of the heart, therefore a lover's fear is of the heart. is mind was a mental chaos. One thought would not be gone; it madly raced through his pain-racked head, "Will I ever see her again, alive—will I ever see her again, alive," it was distracting; a blind fear, a fear as blind as love, a lover's fear.

Though of a few second's duration, this thought left his face,

ashen and sweat stained. He closed his eyes for a moment, a fraction of a moment, when he opened them the French camp was before him; another second would see him safe in their midst! But a moment may mean life or eternal silence!

The earth seemed to heave in an unaccountable manner; it flew up towards him as if possessed of the devil. Gone was the vision, gone was the French camp; the din of the battle hushed; life itself was extinct. The flying figure crumpled in a heap and lay still.

They tenderly carried the inanimate, mutilated thing into the Field Marshal's tent. Medical attention was instantly administered a useless proceeding, as was thought; but a strong constitution and modern surgery are possessed of thanmaturgic capabilities not to be overlooked.

The long ward presented anything but a hospitable view, though it was made to appear as cheery as possible. In the farthest corner a pain racked form feverishly tossed about. The cot was surrounded by a railing to prevent falling out.

He was incessantly speaking in unmistakably delirious tones, "I—home—sweetheart—again—O God!", the last in terror.

The nurse garbed figure at the foot of the cot patiently listened to what he said. The lovely face was scarred with lines of suffering, the dark circle beneath the eyes gave them an appearance of infinite weariness, the whole form was droop-

ing dejected; yet she had mastered her emotions so well, as not to sob at the sound of his voice, though the suffering in it still caused her to wince.

There came a day of calm for him who had sailed the hough waters of the stygian river. His body no longer tossed in fevered activity. He lay still, not a muscle quivered. Suddenly he opened his eyes from which shone light of sanity. He looked before him to see the shattered roadbed and tried to get a firmer grip on the bar; strange he had lost all power of movement; the sharp explosion of his motor seemed quiet—no it was still running—then he realized that it was the violent throbbing in his head not the noise of the motor. The motor was quiet but the vision was still there, that comforted him a bit, but why was the motor not running—Ah! now he had it, the French camp, the upward flying earth and then what? It was most perplexing, he involuntarily closed his eyes, he did not want to shut out the vision, because it looked so alarmed and he loved it so.

He felt a delirious warmth upon his cheek; a fragrance as sweet as of yore prevailed his nostrils. He opened his eyes once more. The vision was gone, in its place he beheld two deep pools of bewitching blue, the waters of which seemed strangely agitated. A most perplexing thing—what are they? He tried to concentrate his whirling thoughts toward solving this problem. "The vision,

vis——, yes now he remembered, the vision had blue——," his mind wandered and soon the gentle rise and fall of his bosom proclaimed him to be asleep. life-giving sleep.

The silent figure bending over him, listened for a moment to his regular breathing and quietly collapsed. She was sound asleep, utterly exhausted. Poor vision in substance, what glorious reward; a lover returned from the grace!

The morning sun streaming in through the window illumed the wan, pale face. The eyes opened and gazed about in bewilderment. The dazzling whiteness of the ward almost blinded him but not enough to make him overlook the persistent vision. She was whole this time, possessed of graceful figure as well as lovely face and she seemed very much alive. Could it be possible that the worthy St. Peter had overlooked his entrance into Paradise? but when the vision quickly came to his bedside and softly spoke his name, he could only achieve a weak smile of welcome.

It was too much for her, womanlike she wept. Now who the devil ever heard of weeping visions?" The weighty question remained unanswered; he was again in deep refreshing slumber. Not so the girl, she opened the flood gates that held the pent-up freshet of tears and softly wept, an odd way of expressing joy; but a very alluring one for a daughter of Eve!

In the convalescent sitting up in bed free from pain, we recog-

nize our American friend, Officer X. His form is now down to a mere pittance of its former self; the sleek muscles sadly wasted; but the eyes still flash and penetrate; the charming smile still plays about the generous mouth; the face has not lost one wit of its arresting power; nor is the determination of the jaw weakened. In the vivacious golden crowned figure at his side we recognize his substantiated vision. More lovely in reality than vision. The suffering lines are gone with the dark circles, the face is full again, the eyes sparkle and flash.

Thus they sit these two, friends and doctors alike are de-

parted; the Croix de Guerre of France bravely pinned on his breast, together with the Victoria Cross of England and, of which he is most proud, the Medal of Liberty of America. On the table lays a six months' furlough.

They converse in low tones. We will not intrude upon their sacred solitude. The story they tell is as old as time itself and as enduring as eternal story; but ever new!

And here, under the auspices of a joyous, sacred moment, ends our chronicle of events of a short period in the life of Our American friend Officer X.

M. M. Schlosberg, '19

ANOTHER STEPPING STONE TO FARM SCHOOL PROGRESS — the Morris Lasker Memorial Hall.

We, the present undergraduates are living in an era of rapid progress. Beneath our very eyes has been erected an edifice that will aid the educational, social, and moral assets of the students.

The structure will embrace all of the domestic needs of our Institution. It will contain kitchen, dining room and reception room, laundry, clothes room and supply room, Director's quarters, Matron's quarters, quarters for several members of

the faculty, servants' quarters, students' locker room, wash room and waiting room, preserving kitchen, root cellars, cold storage room and butcher shop. It will be large in area, up to date in its appointments, and of most attractive appearance, almost cottage-like in comfort, despite its size. Embowered as it will be in time, by trees, and surrounded by gardens, it will be the most inviting building upon our grounds.

J. I. M.



A YEAR'S IMPROVEMENT AT N. F. S.

The year ending June, 1918, has seen Farm School expand and intensify all its activities. Notable among the additions for better life at the school is the virtual completion of Lasker Hall, which will provide the much needed home for the school.

The purchase of the Hellman Farm will give proper education in extensive farming, a branch of agriculture not applicable in the east but the only kind practical at present in 90 per cent. of the western agricultural area. With it goes the use of machinery of large scale farming, such as tractors, hay loaders, etc., all of which equipment has been placed on the Hellman farm and put in charge of one of our 1918 men.

The evolution our herd is undergoing must not be overlooked. Pure bred cattle are the aim every lover of animals but until this year no consistent policy of developing a pure bred herd seemed practicable at N. F. S. In the early part of 1917 Mr. Bishop laid out a policy of introducing the aristocracy of Holstein breeding into the Farm School herd. The result is already evident on the Home Farm where half of our herd is pure bred and a number of the best bred heifers are pushing to maturity.

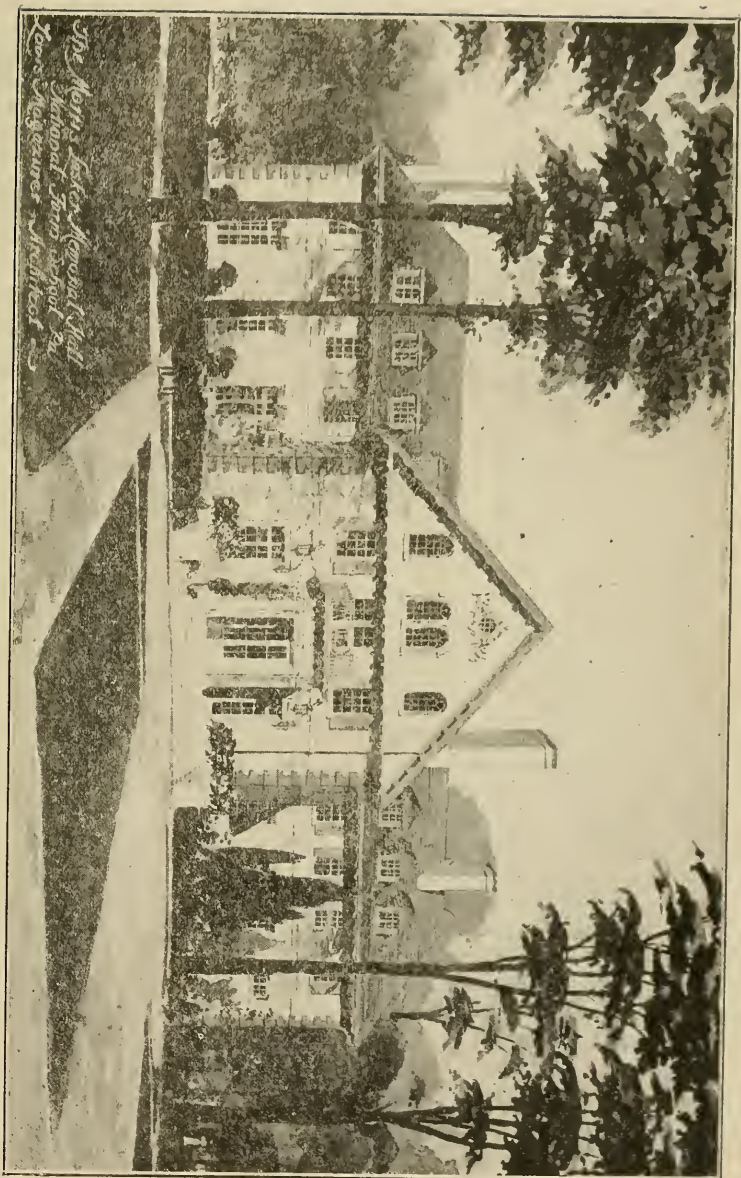
New poultry buildings were contemplated last year by the department but were delayed because Mr. Toor insisted that the chronological order for poultry production was to raise the poul-

try and then build the houses. The fact that over 2000 chicks are littering the poultry yards are visual cardiance that the department can raise the stock. We suspect that the construction of the laying home will meet with equal dispatch and efficiency.

The introduction of several new text books and purchase of scores of books to the library has added to the intellectual life of the students. The marked improvement in the biological laboratory, the purchase, collection and study of material has much enhanced the subject to the students and constitutes a distinct addition to the scholastic life of the school.

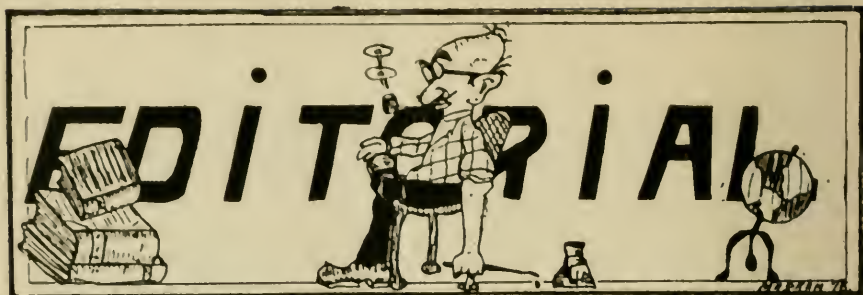
Imperceptibly but steadily improvements have been affected in the service reviewed in the dormitoris and dining rooms that were hardly noticeable at the time but which in their totality are responsible for much of the comforts and good working conditions of the students. Though not patent to the outsider it would be sheer injustice to overlook Miss Churchman's efforts along that line.

The fact that the school has maintained the standards of former years in all departments, that student activities have been maintained and that in many cases new records for achievements have been set we set down with pride as being part of the tasks accomplished during the past year.



*The Morris Lasker Memorial Hall
dedicated June 22nd 1914
Lester Mayhew Architect*

MORRIS LASKER MEMORIAL HALL



The Gleaner

JACOB I. MANNES, Editor-in-Chief

MAURICE M. SCHLOSBERG, Literature.

GEORGE WOLF, Agriculture

SAMUEL MILLER, Athletics.

ARTHUR NEUBAUER, Class and Clubs

JULIUS BRODIE, Exchange.

SAMUEL GREENBURG, Art

BENJ. JAFFE, Humor

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CHARLES BOWDEN, Esq., Faculty Adviser

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Mental capacity, like fuel food and man power, must be a stone in the bucket of efficiency. The lowest stone marks the highest point that can be reached. Consideration of these fundamental factors have been pressed upon the public until their mental facility has been dulled under the burden of figuring to which is most essential to win the war—food, money or man power? Surely it is not money! Food? No, man power must be present to produce the food. Or versa versa?

Whatever the outcome of this spittle spatter may be, no one has come forth with the terrific splash for the conservation of brain power.

This all-essential factor is the bulwark of Germany but directed in wrong channels. America must create and conserve mental ability which when concentrated will make her the foremost nation—not of barbarism, like the flood of Germany's brain power, but a nation conceived of liberty and lofty ideals. Ideals far too great to be comprehended at this era, but a future greatness formed on the foundation of democratic ideas; and built upwards by sacrifices and high aims fought for during this great war of nations, declaiming that "might makes right."

With heavy hearts the students witnessed the retirement of Miss Hattie Abrams, matron of Farm School for the past thirteen years.

During her entire stay Miss Abrams was a mother to all, never tiring of during all that was possible to make life happy and comfortable.

Faculty graduates and students join in wishing her a speedy recovery of good health and a life full of joy and comfort that only those of her worth truly enjoy as their just reward.

With the retirement of Miss Abrams assumed the matronage and to Abrams, Miss Churchman has all prospects is an A No. 1 mother. Having the boys at heart and knowing their many caprices, she is the rightful ruler of the boys, as she holds the key note of life. Miss Churchman is well-liked by all. Assisting Miss Churchman is Miss McDoyell, a new member of our large family, who all know with her jolly good nature she will wear away any grouch that may be floating about.

—o—

Why is a Liberty Bond like Bull Durham tobacco?

Because it is the making of a nation.

—o—

When we get the Kaiser we are going to wash him in our "1776" Washing Powder and hang him up on the American-Hamburg line to dry.

STUDENTS BUY WILSON BONDS

A rousing meeting was held under the chairmanship of Mr. H. Earle. The chairman appealed to the students' sense of sacrifice and his son, who is stationed at Camp Hancock delivered a brief account of how his regiment, and his own company in particular, subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan, an epoch that is worthy of deep consideration and appreciation.

Mr. Katz, president of the Athletic Association opened the subscription combat that thereafter ensued, by buying a bond for said association. Mr. S. R. Earl, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., a brother of Mr. H. Earle, gave four dollars towards payment of the association and the students wish to thank Mr. Earle though the Gleaner for his kindness. Mr. Mannes, in the name of the Senior Class subscribed for two bonds. Mr. Frenzel and Mr. Glick, president of the Junior and Freshmen Classes, respectively, subscribed one bond for each of their respective classes.

In addition to these purchases individual students bought bonds amounting to a total of \$1,050. To meet its obligation the students will be deprived of many social and athletic activities but are not moaning their loss but, in all due respect to those who are so gallantly giving their lives and all they possess that the world will be safe for democracy, will sacrifice what little they can.



George Wolff, Editor '19

AGRICULTURE IN PALESTINE

There is an increasing interest among Farm School men in Palestine and its agricultural possibilities, and that interest will no doubt develop soon into real action. More and more young men are being attracted to this rare school of farming with the vision of actually setting foot in the land of our illustrious forefathers, to give of their training and strength that the long abused land might become the garden it once was.

There comes a time when every Jewish young man reflects that he is descended from one of the oldest and distinctive races of mankind, a people who has contributed a mighty proportion to the civilization of the world. He comes to think that, he as one of them ought not remain indifferent when his people rise and call upon one another to continue again their glorious past that was broken by a 2000-year dispersion. He comes to

feel that his people have yet a portion of that talent genius and culture, which is peculiar to every people, which could be developed in a land of their own and offered for all the world to profit by. Sooner or later every Jewish young man, unless he is coward enough to deny he is a Jew, will feel these sentiments, and will give all he has to promote this noble undertaking.

Farm School Jewish men particularly, ought to feel strongly and be active in the regeneration of their people. Young and vigorous, they are beginning their life's career just at a time when their people is beginning anew its glorious history. Why should they ignore the providented moment and the deep call of their people? And an earnest call it is to Farm School men, for the future Jewish nation must rely to the greatest extent upon the efforts of its agriculturalists and the will of the

people to live next to the soil.

Up to the time the war began and only for a generation, a great stride had been made in the settling of Palestine. Thirty Jewish agricultural colonies have already been put on their feet—a task that has cost great sacrifice of blood and toil on the part of pioneers. Harassed by hostile Arabians, with no training in farming, and under altogether desolate conditions, the pioneers from Russia and elsewhere held only with a love of the soil of their ancestors, overcame all difficulties and have laid the foundation for us. And it is noteworthy that among the most valiant of these pioneers were Russian University students who left their books to conquer the soil of Palestine.

They became successful farmers contrary to the view often expressed by sociologists that Jews are incapable of becoming capable farmers. They have brought modern machinery and scientific methods into use; the yields of the crops and the appearance of the farms have shown a marked contrast to those of the Arabs. There exist a number of institutions with the task of procuring land, preparing it, and assisting those who wish to settle on the soil or learn farming. I. G., the Jewish Colonization Society selling farm land on a 40-year loan to anyone with limited means, the Jewish National Fund erecting homes and cooperative kitchens

for bachelors and homes for families, and establishing farm schools where newly arrived immigrants can take a course in farming. There is a domestic agricultural school for girls at Kinnereth where they learn to become good farmers wives. Then there is the Agricultural Experiment Station directed by the noted economist, Aaron Aaronson, where wild wheat was discovered and where new cultures and new adaptations of old cultures are being tried.

Societies are continually being formed by Jews the world over, organizing and preparing for particular work in Palestine. Commissions and plans are right now being formed to systematize the settlements to be made.

The land awaits cultivation and research. Only about 8 per cent. of the cultivated surface has been settled and only a small part of that is under cultivation. Despite the remarks of shallow observers that the soil is too barren and dry, it has been proved that the soil of Palestine is remarkably fertile when it has been abused and neglected by unworthy hands for so long; what it awaits is tillage and research and this has already been splendidly begun. It awaits particularly the Jewish young men of the National Farm School to devote their hearts, their brains, and their hands to bring out its hidden richness and beauty.

MORRIS GLICK, '21.

THE PROGRESS OF DISEASE RESISTANCE IN PLANTS

S. Marcovitch

The prospects of a good crop are often shattered by a destructive disease. That famine should even follow because of a certain disease seems unbelievable. Yet such was the case in Ireland in 1845, when the potato crop failed, due to the attack of the late blight fungus. Since then we have made much progress in plant disease control, although the measures used are expensive, complicated and in many cases laborious as in spraying.

We have not as yet discovered serums and antitoxins for plant diseases, but we have a tool that is destined to be just as effective or even more so, I mean the science and art of breeding for resistance by crossing and selection. Among susceptible varieties, may be found various degrees of resistance. By crossing the more resistant ones with a variety that is more desirable in quality but highly susceptible to disease, it is possible to get in the resulting progeny a variety that is disease resistant. In like manner resistant forms may be obtained by selection, one of the most notable examples of which is the results obtained with cabbage yellows. This disease is caused by a fungus parasite (*Fusarium*) which lives in the soil and attacks the roots. Soil infested with this fungus is known as "cabbage sick," and no practical measures for controlling this de-

structer was worked out, until Prof. Jones of Wisconsin, attacked the problem. He noticed that when a whole patch succumbed to this disease, a few individuals would survive. By continued selection from the few surviving resistant individuals, a resistant strain, known as the Wisconsin Hollandor was developed that can now be grown on the "sickest" soils with perfect immunity from disease. Over 100 lbs. of seed was distributed by the Wisconsin station in 1916 to the growers with the assurance of growing a crop free from yellows.

Similar results have been obtained at the North Dakota station with Flax wilt, so that flax can now be grown on the sick-est soils.

Working along the same lines European potato breeders have made great advances in developing varieties resistant to potato blight. The dreaded wilt disease of cotton and wilt and root knot troubles of the coppea have been overcome by Orton (U. S. Dep't of Agriculture) through securing resistant varieties. In 1916, our spring wheat crop was short 180,000,000 bushels of which 1000,000,000 has been attributed to the black rust.

A variety that is rust proof, would be of tremendous importance especially when wheat is scarce as it now is, under war conditions. The problem of developing rust resistant varieties is now being worked out at the Minnesota experiment station.

A few other examples might be quoted but we pass on to the

progress made of securing plants resistant to insect attacks. The most notable example here is the Grape Phylloxera, a plant louse attacking the roots. A generation ago this louse threatened to destroy the vineyards of France. The same insect was found to be present on the American grape, which, however, appeared not to suffer from its attacks. By grafting the French varieties on the resistant American root stocks, the vineyards of France were saved.

Only very recently some very good results have been reported with the Corn Ear worm, which is the limiting factor in the successful growing of sweet corn in the south. On the other hand the native field varieties escape with relatively slight injury. The only difference that might be expected to affect the activities of the corn ear worm is the extent to which the ears are protected by the husk. The native varieties have large and well-developed husks, but the sweet varieties have them poorly developed, being thus more ravaged by the insect. With these facts in view,

the problem resolved itself in crossing the two varieties, so as to combine the qualities of the sweet varieties with the degree of immunity of the native varieties afforded by the well protected characters of the ears. Crosses were made and plants secured that have longer and thicker husks, suffering but slightly from the corn ear worm, and yet have the desirable qualities such as sweetness, better yielding, etc.

Studies are now being conducted with the Hessian fly attacking cereal grains. Already it has been found that less eggs are laid on winter oats, winter barley, spring, summer and autumn wheat. Very few pupae were found on Dawson Golden chaff wheats and the beechwood hybrids.

From the above examples the possibilities before us in overcoming plant diseases through breeding resistant varieties by crossing and selection are evident. By the cooperation of the plant pathologists with the plant breeders, this work should be greatly advanced in the future, much to the benefit of all.



Published for educational
and uplifting purposes.

DOYLESB

Established 1918.

A horseless wagon was seen

ACCIDENTS

Susie Brown was slightly effected by an overdose of ice cream.

Hopkin's baby boy swallowed a wishbone and is at home at his wish.

If you wish to lick the Kaiser, buy a Thrift Stamp.

Three of Farmer Jones' cows were turned into a lot yesterday.

Two tennis balls raised a dence of a recquet in Pinehurst Alley and are now serving a set of months in court.

Sam Haddock went down to the creek to catch some fish and caught a cold instead.

SOCIETY NEWS

James Katz's heifer had twin calves. There will be a reception for them in the barn.

Lizzie Turnip has returned from a career as a chorus girl to take her old position as a milkmaid.

WELCOME LIZZIE

If you wish real excitement, visit N. F. S. dining room at any meal.

The entire Police Force (one

cop) will be on the lookout for stray cats.

Society for the Protection of the Police Force.

Clerk of Skinnem A. Live hands in a record today which shows he licked 19 one-cent stamps in one week for his firm, beating out their nearest competitor Al "Reddy" Dead, by a close margin of two.

(Editor's note) — These big firms are the cause of having extra help in our postoffice.

LOST AND FOUND

Found: A sausage on Court St. Will be returned upon proper identification.

Mr. Miller lost his mind while singing, Big Reward.

Found—A Freshman not wearing Freshman cap. Same will receive ample reward.

HON. SENYOR.

Lost—A hound named Billy. has four legs and a tail and howls when kicked. Return to Hearem Bark, Sausage M'fg.

Lost—Many subscribers to "The Gleaner." Send in name address and money, and be put in the honorable found column.

THE RIVAL

Passed by the National Board of
Undertakers

on the Radish Pike (A Ford)

Copies free, on request

Lost—5 aphids, who wandered
out with their chains attached.
Were last seen near Prof. M.
Laboratory.

Want Adv.—Good pay and
easy work for right man. 12
hours twice a day. Prof. B. O.

Good woman to take care of
ten children.—Hans Ful.

WANTED

one good sized man to protect
us—“Freshies.”

A man to take care of horses
who can speak Jewish.

Strong man wanted, prefera-
bly one who eats onions.—Wolf,
'19.

Come to Featherbed Hill Ho-
tel to spend your vacation for a
good change and rest. We take
the change and the bell boys
get the rest.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Positively first showing of
Charles Chaplin in “The Char-
pion.” Come late and avoid the
early rush. NUTT'S THEATRE.

(We desire your patronage)

FREE! FREE! FREE!
Hot air with every quart of
gasoline.

We sell horses that carry no
tails, (tales). JUNK SHOP.

BIG SALE—Everything from
toothpick to coffins.—VILLAGE
POSTOFFICE.

Sale of soap on the decrease
—three cakes less than last
month. Wake up and wash up.
—MATRON.

Get all your up-to-date can-
dies and soft and hard drinks at
stand—standing still idle.—A. A.
STAND.

OFFICIAL STANDING OF
SHUFFLE-BOARD LEAGUE

Censored by Baseball Manager

SALE AT THE RUFF STORE
Sand-paper collars.
Sanitary cinders.
Clinkers of all descriptions.

Editors—Two nuts of Logan
Alley.

Business Manager—Sam Tuff,
of Cowville.

Treasurer—John Money, of
Treasure Island.

Isreal Marcus, '19.
Keneth Milkke, '20

HOME FARM.

We have completed our spring drive with flying colors. We have drilled all our oats and planted our corn. But owing to the fact that we will get most of our corn from the Hellman Farm we only planted twenty acres. The hay and rye are coming up fine.

A new peach orchard is being planted on both sides of Snellenberg Lane and we are cultivating a crop of mangles and potatoes between the rows.

The dairy herd has never shown up better. Not a boarder can be seen. Every cow is doing her bit. The young stock is in splendid condition.

B. M. G., '19.

FARM NO. 1.

A very busy time has been witnessed this month on this farm. We have fitted and planted four acres in oats and seventeen acres in corn. All our cows are doing nicely.

D. B., '19

FARM NO. 3.

All our plowing is done and all our corn planted. The oats is coming up nicely.

The potatoes and sweet corn are coming up. The vegetable garden is already planted. We have not hauled our logs to the mill but hope to as soon as time permits.

M. F., '19

POULTRY

We had great success with our hatches, having four hatches; one as high as 90 per cent.

Seven brooders are occupied

holding 2500 chicks, all in healthy condition. The smaller brooders are now in the lower orchard and will be used as growing houses.

The finishing touches are being made on our new incubator cellar and hope to finish it in a few weeks. The contract for a 550 foot pullet house has been given and building will start immediately.

S. G., '19

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

A rather early spring finds the vegetable garden well planted to a great variety of spring and summer produce. The removal of old nursery stock will increase our tillage land by several acres.

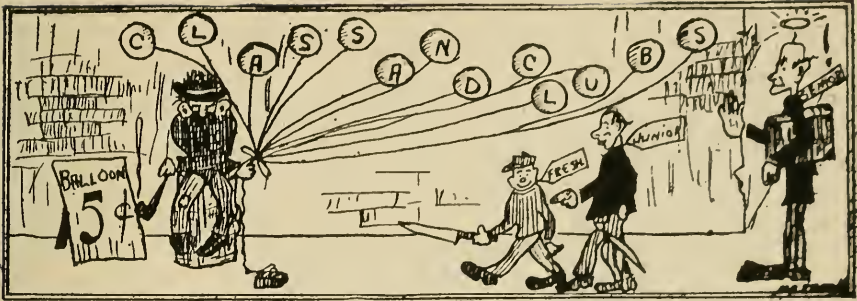
Our hothouse tomatoes promise to eclipse those of all previous years—in earliness as well as quality and quantity. We are conducting an interesting experiment upon planting distances and method of support.

Lasker Hall is being made more beautiful by heavy planting of shrubs, trees and vines. A carpet of grass will soon replace the familiar brown of the surrounding area.

Calls for California privet have been unusually frequent this year. All nursery stock has come thru this hard winter exceptionally well.

The student gardens are progressing at a rate which must certainly please Mr. Hoover, Mr. Heinz and the rest.

D. A.



CLASS OF '19

The Spring term closed with a bang and all the Seniors regret the quick exit. Some are already mourning the geometry period in which poetry, jokes, short story writing, etc., (all except proposition) were written under the dim eye of our unsuspecting tutor.

Practical work is well on its way with the upperclass men leading the younger set in the skilfull handling of hoes, cultivators, hay forks and teaspoons.

With faith, hope and charity, in Dr. Krauskopf's interpretation of success the Seniors, by all appearances, are laboring under the fundamental factors of success—98 per cent. perspiration and 2 per cent. inspiration.

J. M., '19.

(We have answered Director Ostralink's advertisement and henceforth will work our hands and brains in uniform rythm in twelve hour shifts twice a day).

CLASS OF '20

The 1920 class is more strongly united than ever before. Under the efficient coaching of our coach Segal, our baseball team is making excellent progress.

With the all-day work coming soon, the class intends to show spirit in the fields.

S. F. '20.

CLASS OF '21

The end of our Spring Term finds us face to face with our second tremendous task—that of preparing for a big production of food. To do this we have concluded to abide closely to our teachings and trust to our noble friends, George and Dory, to do the rest.

Thus far we have done comementable work in class room and field. In addition several have contributed to the Gleaner and a few of '21's athletes have made the varsity baseball team.

A. L. G., '21.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Despite the call of the outdoors the fellows gathered in Segal Hall Saturday, March 27, to hear the Hon. Augustus F. Daix, State Senator from Philadelphia, talk to them. Staid in appearance he rose with a pack of manuscripts and the fellows thought they were doomed. But right off of the reel he began

with a spirit of humor that held the fellows in delight all the way through. It was very instructive, too, how he vividly described the workings of the parliamentary machinery of the Pa. State Senate. He diverted toward

last in talking on 'playing level' and closed with a feeling pledge that he would do all he could thru the Senate to help the N. F. S.

M. G., '21.

FARMING BY THE FIRE

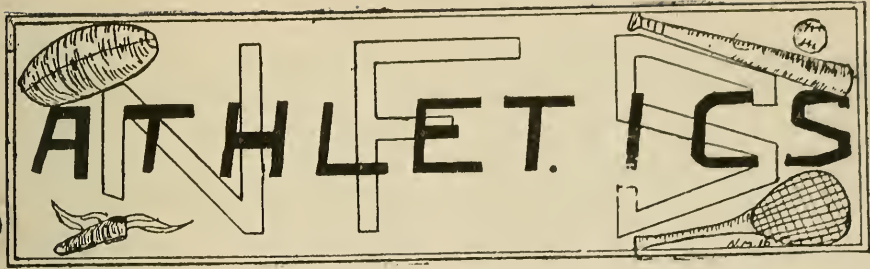
Sid Rubin is a farmer; you can
tell it by the way
He tells about his bumper crops
of wheat and hay.
He'll sit and tell you stories and
it seems he'll never tire—
For Sid can raise some powerful
crops when farming by
the fire.

He'll plant a thousand acres if
you'll listen to his tales;
Your head will get to buzzing
with the number of the bales
Of clover and of redtop that he
feeds his favorite cow—
For Sid is sure some farmer
when it comes to telling how.

He'll sit around a cheerful fire
when winter days are cold.
And tell about the wondrous
things that he has raised and
sold:
Cattle by the thousands and
prize hogs by the drove—
For Sid has made a million
around some friendly stove!

But most of it is only talk and
half of it's in fun,
And the whole of it's forgotten
when the winter day is done.
But what's the harm to anyone?
It brings no failures dire—
and there's a lot of pleasure in
this farming by the fire.

J. H., '19.



FARM SCHOOL, 3; SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS, 2.

With that never tiring pluck of fighting to the last Green and Gold proudly floated victorious-ly over Trenton, N. J. The game throughout furnished thrills and exciting moments for both players and spectators.

At bat Joffe tickled the ball to all parts of the lot; a triple and a dash across the plate on the next ball pitched, was one of his easy pickings.

Art School put up a stiff game but due to pitcher Zinn's good form were held quite powerless at his choice on all pressing oc-casions.

Glick and Mannes warmed the bench and more than likely helped in the victory by their spiritual advice and statue-like countenances.

N. F. S.

ab. Hits

Mills, l.f.	3	1
Smith, c. f.	4	2
E. Katz, 3b.	4	0
Joffe, ss.	4	2
Leib, c.	4	2
A. Katz, 1b.	2	1
Garbar, r. f.	4	2
Zinn, p.	3	0
Braunstein, 2b.	4	2

Runs—Mills, Joffe, Lieb.

School of Industrial Arts

ab Hits

Miller, c. f.	4	2
Wallman, ss.	4	0
Laton, 2b.	4	0
Reimen, 1b.	4	2
Deans, 3b.	4	2
Wolf, c.	4	1
Lieden, l. f.	4	0
Blazac, r. f.	3	0
Crammer, p.	3	0

0

N. S. F. 10; DOYLESTOWN

Another victory was chalked up when old rivals met on the Doylestown baseball grounds. The plough boys drove the ball at opportune times and took ad-

BOYS' CLUB

vantage of several misplays. The opposing pitcher was in splen-did form and held the F. S. nine in check.

The subs were given their

first opportunity to perform and they accepted with favorable results!

Following the usual course of events Joffe slugged the pill, and Lieb, Mills and Zinn kept up their good reputation of piling up runs. Score:

	r	h	po	a	e
Mills, lf.	1	1	2	0	0
Zinn, lb.	3	1	10	0	0
Sieb, c.	3	2	7	1	1
Lieb, c.	3	2	7	1	1
Joffe, ss. p.	2	1	3	2	1
E. Katz, 3b.	0	1	0	1	0
Smith, cf.	1	1	3	0	0
Garber, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Mannes, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Braunstein, 2b.	0	0	1	3	1
Fine, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Glick, ss.	0	0	0	0	1
A. Katz, ss.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals ...	10	7	26	7	4

Doylestown Boys' Club

	r	h	po	a	e
Irwin, lf.	2	0	1	0	1
J. Gardy, lb. ..	2	1	6	0	1
Gulick, ss.	1	2	0	3	1
Weldon, c.	0	0	17	0	2
Gerhart, rf. ...	0	2	3	0	0
J. C. Gardy, rf. .	0	0	0	0	0
Bertles, p.	0	1	1	3	0
Blair, 3b.	0	0	0	0	2
Darlington, cf..	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	6	7	27	6	8
F. S. ...	0	2	3	0	0
D. B. C. ...	0	0	2	0	1

Two-base hits, Joffe, Darlington, Smith, Lieb. Hit by pitcher —by Bertles, Mills. Bases on balls, Fine 3, Joffe 2. Earned runs, Doylestown B. C., 4; Farm School 3. Struck out by Bertles 6, by Fine 5, Joffe 2. Umpire, Thierolf.

The remaining scheduled games will be played too late for Gleaner publication.

—o—

At a Farm School plow one day,
A boy was sadly standing;
His head bent low and his eyes
brows wet, with sweat of
his hard day's working.

But all at once the bell did ring,
Which called him in for supper,
His heart leaped up with pride
and joy,
For he was almost mad with
hunger.

He owes his life to James, the
cook,
Not only he but others;
But for the task James under-
took.
He might not get another.

Now fell ow students take this
hint,
Because James is a dandy,
And honor him and stick by him,
For he oft' times comes in
handy.

LOUIS R. LEVINSON, '21.

GREETINGS

Alumni and former students of N. F. S.: In behalf of the faculty and undergrads, I extend greetings to you and best wishes for a prosperous and profitable year. We glory in your achievements, for though success to you comes honor to our Alma Mater. As you succeed and secure an honorable place in the community, the school gains prominence and assumes a more important place as an educational force in the nation. Thus an added stimulus is created for the newly graduated students and a light is cast upon the shadows of the future of the unsteady undergraduates.

Let it not be forgotten, Faculty, Alumni, and students, the sacred responsibility laid upon us because of the opportunities in training and leadership that have come to us, as advisors or as students of the National Farm School.—Editor.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association will be held June 1. A new service flag will

be unfurled with the famous Farm School football coach, Jimmy Work, as chairman of the occasion.

A rousing reunion is expected indicating a wide awake spirit among the grads.

N. F. S. "GRADS" NOW EMPLOYED BY THEIR ALMA MATER

'06 Bernard Ostrolenk, Director of the National Farm School through whose efforts the school is progressing in strides.

'16, Cecil J. Toor, Instructor of Poultry and Dairying is putting his departments to the front.

'18, M. Mayer, post graduate and has full charge of Farm No. 1.

'18, R. Boyes, post graduate in full charge of the newly acquired farm—the Hellman Farm of 110 fertile acres.



Alumni Notes

Julius Brodie, Editor

Green and Gold followers Under the Red, White and Blue

'05 Max Morris, 1st Lieut.

'08 Max Fleisher, 1st Lieut. Camp Meade.

'13 Morris M. Moscovitz, Q. C., Front Royal, Va.

'13 B. Harrison, "Over There."

'15 Julius Ullman, Sergeant Camp Johnson.

'15 L. Rosenthal, Q. C., Camp Johnson.

'16 Ben Kasselmann, Aviation Corps.

'16 Bill Morieinis, "Over There."

'17 A. Lieberman, Q. C., Sergeant, Camp Johnson.

'17 Chas. Wagner, Coast Artillery.

Prof. J. C. Campbell, Faculty

member on leave of absence; Sergeant, Camp Meade.

'16 Jack Goldman, Light Artillery.

Ex-'17 Matty Kauffman, "Over There."

Ex-'17 Wilensky, Ambulance Corps.

'17 C. J. Koshpowsky, Barracks 300 Phila. Navy Yard, Phila. Pa.

Ex-'18 Szold, Aviation Corps.

'19 Max Schloss, Vet. Corps, Camp Lee, Va.

Ex-'19 Otto Goldstein, National Army, Camp Upton.

Ex-'19 Laurhoph, Marines.

'06, M. Stolaroff, American Expeditionary Force, "Somewhere in France."

'16, Leon J. Fleischman, Over There.

—o—

"EVERYBODY UP"

Bernhard Ostrolenk, '06,
Director

The slogan that rouses the slumbering agriculturists at 4:30 a. m., every morning has by tradition come to be "Everybody up." In a sense it is the call of the new day, a challenge against inertness, a rallying cry to which Farm School men have always responded. Whatever may be said, meritorious or derogatory, of Farm School life, it can always be truthfully asserted that it is an active, vigorous, dynamic life. It decidedly is not dull. Whether it be the hard inexorable spring drive in the

fields that calls for a day of restless activity, long hours, exhaustless energy followed by an evening in the project garden or the command of the class captain for practice, the response is made with characteristic Farm School energy. There is little sympathy and no patience with the idler, or the slacker. Everybody at Farm School is expected to be up, and usually everybody is up and at it. Are we always directing this energy into the proper channels? Do we exert it with greatest efficiency?

Is it not often wasted in foolish squabbles, class fights, pointless arguments or recriminations that are carried on with a heat and intensity worthy of a better cause? Thoughtful Farm School men can not help feeling that vast improvements can be made in directing the energies of the student body. This is a time when nothing must be taken for prove its worth. The times demand not only activity but intelligently directed activity, resulting in accomplishment. "Everybody up" is the reveille for service. The work in the field must not only be hard but purposfull, the study in the class room must not only cover the work but be intensive, school activities must not only be traditional but worth while. Each student as sent out to his work and all who participate in Farm School life should ever encourage the restless activity that drives Farm School men into work. The type of work and the method need reexamination. Farm School must become more efficient, more thorough, more intensive. It is the task not for the faculty or any group of students. It is a problem to whose salutation "everybody" must assist. It is a goal worth striving for. Why not keep it in mind with the slogan "Everybody up."

OLD STUFF

Cecil J. Toor, '16

Probably in no other institution in the world is that undesirable condition of the mind, known as the "Farm School Spirit," found. Paradoxical in nature tho it seems,—boasting kicking, slaming and uplifting, hazing, knocking, loving and hating,—we who are or were at the School have it. It cannot be helped.

As a verdant freshman, with our cute city ways and pale faces getting off on the wrong side of the 9:20 (because we saw no difference in platforms) the instilation (not distillation) of the Farm School Spirit begins somewhat as follows: The holdup by that unscrupulous gang of second story men, the reception committee, who, for the small sum of two bucks allows us the honor of becoming full fledged members and directors of the A. A. and the Gleaner. To no avail do we claim a purse depleted of its last two bits to pay the Pullman porter on our trip from Philly. Dig down we must, "For," say we as we look at the towering bulks before us with their villainous grins, backed up by the evil countanences and pugilistic physics of a half dozen husky welders of "The Hoe," he who pays now shall

live to pay (dues) another day

And those bum Gleanor jokes!!!! Wow! For instance that "ole Tobe hoss," that was killed, buried, made into sausage (in the Gleanor) and rejuvenated time and time again, until he died of mortification because one issue of the Gleaner forgot his name. And Aunt Hetties stew (spuds, camouflaged), the mining of Farmer's Gold (which innocated more F. S. Spirit then all the rest combined), and the S. S. A. Do I hear chuckles? The idea of your age and dignity! Where but at the N. F. S. can you find an institution like the S. S. A. We certainly did enjoy it—as Seniors and as Juniors.

The following "Farm School Spirit" incorporators arranged by a student as to importance must be also mentioned: Foot-Gleaner, Campers, showers, mush and spuds, Harmon, Literary Society, Liebig, Doylestown, classes, work and faculty. (See note.)

And thus thru three years; years of work, hard work and play—also hard work; non-forgetting years of joys and sorrows, trials and tribulations, etc. **Years that everyone can say were full to the brim, of life and action.

Ah! What memories Do you look back to those good old days, grads? (Now for the old stuff) Remember the extra taxes or starving purses, when eg uukkmehudhoe cmfwypcmf

our A. A. and Gleaner managers were always shouting for "money, money or we cancel games," when we cussed the grads for not sending us any and helping out; when we all said, "When I get out and make a little something, believe me, the A. A. and Gleaner won't be forgotten."

Well. How about it? Must the high cost of athletics and paper, to say nothing of ink, curtail the number of graves and issues of the Gleaner? Or will you that read this, remember your promise to yourselves and give a helping hand to the promising bunch of future ages, who are here now, doing all they can to help the School, and who are incued, even as you and I, with that spirit of spirits, "The Farm School Spirit."

Note: The printer thought work and faculty go together.

**Note: A term taken from our chapel service book; widely read at graduations, class meetings and in Gleaner editorials.

A. A.

—o—

ORCHARD

Tent caterpillars, bud worms and plant lice certainly received a warm reception from the effects of our second spray. This consisted of a mixture of self-boiled lime sulphur, arsenic of lead and black leaf 40.

The peach and apple trees are doing fine and we expect exceptionally yields.

EXPERIENCE.

The sole object of my writing is to convey a timely message to the students of Farm School. So often are students reminded of the importance of studying and making good at school that the best of them soon turn a deaf ear to the sincere advice that is lavishly given. It is a deplorable fact that so many kind and valuable words are unheeded, but as facts are truths that can withstand the knocking of gentle or evil tides, I am going to deal with you in another way.

Did you ever meet one called "Experience?" Even if you think you did, let me introduce him again. Do not ask me what he is, because he is indefinable, but you will find him here, there and everywhere. Right now I want you to consider him with you and that he is your teacher. Often you have heard that Experience is the best teacher. Now how pleased should you be when I tell you that you are one of his pupils. At Farm School he is giving you a great chance and when you graduate he shows you yet greater chances and the awards depend entirely upon you. That is important.

I am now going to take you in confidence and tell you that I am an advanced student of Experience, but that I am greatly dependent on what I have already learned from him in adding more Knowledge and getting more chances in Life. The others who are with me are getting wiser in their progress, but all agree that a good set of

daily rules of regulations is an indispensable guide. Many of us have adhered to them and others are going to follow them. Now, what I want from you, is co-operation and what maybe simpler yet, imitation. Surely you don't lack that.

We apply them daily in our environment and as they are getting applicable to yours in the N. F. S. I am anxious to see you manage them quickly and be credited with proof to the saying that, "a word to the wise is sufficient!" Here are a few guides by which many of the alumni are building success. Make them your standards.

1. Feel that your attending school is a job and that you must stick to it (If you have decided you want that job.)

2. Interest yourself in the work you're doing at any expense.

3. Observe others' success or failures and then from their methods learn to manage your own matters.

4. Take the initiative to plan an experiment by your own brain and brawn.

5. Feel that you will have to show a resource account for the time you are spending now.

6. Construct a firm foundation for yourself NOW if you ever wish to build higher.

7. Harden not the channels to your platform too soon.

8. Do not fool yourself in believing that you have fooled others.

9. Handle your daily problems with system and you will

have time for bigger problems.

10. Remember that the work you do to-day, you may be called on to do to-morrow.

This might have been all that I would have said under "suggestions" but as the title of this article is Experience I must paint you a little experience that you will have a chance to know in the near future. When you are at the gate to the field in which you have chosen your life's work, and that's at graduation, you will notice that although there are so many others around, you feel as if you are alone. Your next step will be to fall back on your resources and for the sake of illustration I will call it falling down to examine your foundation. And oh! how it will pain when you feel that it's weak in one place and uncertain in another. The pressing of the time will probably make you realize the gravity of

the situation, but alas! You can not stop for repairs. Evil breezes sway you to and fro and gentle winds do not stop to soothe. It is a sad plight and very often means discouragement and a loss of balance. This picture I have just painted conveys the significance of such a position, in reality, only part-way, and I hope that those who have followed me thus far will see with me a National Farm School graduate idealized in an upright, firm, pregressive leader as strong as the vocation he has chosen.

Undergraduates, I urge you to remember the facts that others have unveiled for you and when you are graduates let us know how much better it is to profit by the mistakes of others than to fall into the chasms that cause you unnecessary delay to success.

AN ALUMNUS, (Isaac Shopino



ALUMNI NOTES

Because of the young life of the National Farm School its graduates do not amount to a large number as compared to some of the much older institutions. But what is lacking in number is accounted for in efficiency, ability, ambitiousness and actual participation along lines most worthy of comment.

The accompanied printed list of grads engaged under the Stars and Stripes and the ever new monthly print of those engaged in agriculture is far from complete, owing to the much needed system of correspondence—better for this department and graduates.

Publicity matters little. Their hearts, brains and hands are behind the country's call to arms and to farms. It is quite puzzling to distinguish which is the more helpful to our country's gaged in agriculture or those in military positions. Upon the soldier falls the task of feeding lead to the hungry Huns, and to the farmer boy falls the task of feeding the soldiers. Both are inseparable — one without the other is like a ship without a rudder. Both equally as important as the other — both working with a unity of purpose—to make the world a decent place to live in.

'01 Morris Mitzmain is one of the leading entomologists for the U. S. Public Health Bureau. When last heard from he was stationed at New Orleans.

'08 Sylvan Weinstein is now

well entrenched in his new work—County Agent for Cape May county, N. J.

'09 Max Colton still holds the position as health officer (which he created for himself) in the city of Cumberland, Md. His bulletins arrive as usual, and with it the good news of his success.

'13 Levensohn is teaching Poultry Management and Vegetable Gardening at Denver, Colorado.

'14 Aaron J. Friedman has accepted a position as Horticulturist near Philadelphia.

'14 Helfand is attending the U. of P. Veterinary Department.

'15 Nusbaum has accepted a position with the Pennsylvania State College to do advanced registry work.

'16 Harry Stayman is herdsman on a large farm near Bryn Mawr, Pa., He will relinquish his position June 1, as he expects to be called to the collors.

'16 Arthur Leventow is connected with a well-known florist in Philadelphia. He is in full charge of the greenhouses and also assists in decorative work.

'17 Ben Kasselmann is making fine progress in his pursuits at the Ohio State University.

'18 George Aideman is doing milk testing for the New Jersey State College.

'18 John J. McCool is located on a 600 acre farm near Jenkintown, Pa.

'16 Charles Abrams has accepted a position on a private estate at Palor, Pa.

Ex. '20 from New York hails the news that Arthur Newbauer is raising vegetables on his fire escape. Though failing to continue the course at this school he has doubtless acquired the love of agriculture.

'12 James Work is to "go west." He has accepted a position to teach in the Hayfield High School, Hayfield, Minn.

—o—

(The following is a letter from H. Wolf, '14, an ardent Zionist.)

Conyers Farm,
Greenwich, Conn.,

April 23, 1918.

Prof. S. Marcovitz:

Pres. of the National Farm School Zionist Society.

Dear Sir:

Allow me as an N. F. S. graduate and a Zionist to congratulate those who have organized the Zionist Society at the School. I expect to settle in Palestine after the war, provided I do not go over the top. I am in the second class. I tried to enter the Jewish Legion but being an American citizen I could not enter.

It also occurred to me many months ago that other graduates and ex-men of the N. F. S. could, and also should, organize or form a colony in Palestine. I have spoken and have written to several boys. Shore '15, J. L. Rosenthal, (at Camp Johnston, Fla.) '14, and L. Helfand '14 have answered favorably.

Have also spoken to Mr. Fromenson, formerly secretary to the N. F. S. and at present connected with Zionist Party. Naturally he takes an interest in the school and has encouraged me. He told me that if I will be able to have at least ten boys who are willing to go to Palestine, he could aid us in every form, and that the formation of a colony would soon be started.

I thought that perhaps this little information would encourage the Society, and also show that some, if not many of the graduates realize the historical importance of the present time to rebuild the Jewish State. With wishes of success for the new Zion.

I am
Sincerely yours
Hyman Wolf, '14.

—o—

VACATION

You look up at the bulletin board

And see posted "Vacation Zones,"

All at once you feel so weak

And say you are going home.

Your empty hands slip in your pockets

And come out the same way,
You run down to the post office,

Then remember you are broke
that day.

You trot back to the building

Borrow an envelope and stamp,

Rush down again to mail it,

THE GLEANER

Then over to the barn you
tramp.

That day you dream of the city,
Of the cabaret, dance and
show,
Till you hear a voice near you:
"Kitty, that furrow is straight
as a letter O.

At details you hand Mr. Bishop
you card,

He is undecided to sign;
You get doubtful about that va-
cation,
But, Oh! He fills the fatal
line.

That evening you feel so happy,
You even pay your Gleaner
dues on time!

Then you catch the 6:19 to
Doylestown

Where Wendte takes a load
off your mind.

Next morning finds you at the
station,

The more sober friends bid
you adieu,

"Take care of my cows," you tell
them,

But the chickens you can
handle, you're sure.

How he spent his vacation.

! ? ! ! ! ! ! ?
You come back from your va-
cation

A great time you certainly had

Again you don the dear old over-
halls,

And say, "Gee, but I am glad to
get back."

J. Goldstein, '19

IT ONLY HAPPENS IN BALTI MORE.

It was on a cold December evening that two rival high school literary societies held an interesting debate. One of the presentation speakers began his well prepared speech in an excellent manner. However, he soon began to slow down, then to stutter, and at last stopped. The chairman a kindly man took in the situation at a glance. He rose, poured a glass of water from the pitcher beside him and offered it to the confused orator. The boy drank, pulled himself together and immediately after proceeded with his speech. Five minutes later his words again

became less and less distinct and finally again his speech was forgotten. Another glass of water from the hands of the chairman and he was off again. Yet, it was not long before the mind of the speaker was again clogged up, words failed him and he showed signs of stopping again. The chairman had already risen and was about to offer the stimulus once more when suddenly the audience was surprised to hear a shrill boyish voice pipe out from the rear of the hall the following words: "Play the hose upon him."

A. F. '21.

SCRUB AND RUB

Ben Jaffe

SCIENCE

Owing to the natural facilities afforded at the National Farm School, Professor Bishop has oft remarked of the presence of inventive genius among the students. In proof of this we set forth a few rare instances by those whose heads have outgrown their hats:

Fine expects to find potatoes where the blossoms were.

Sam Greenberg, the poultry expert tells us that a chicken "laid" eggs because if they dropped them the eggs would crack.

Speaking of a vacuum, S. Miller's head is a large empty space.

J. Brown exemplified: "The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out.

Brodie, with able assistance, guarantees to put anybody to sleep in two seconds at a Zionist meeting.

E. Katz has foiled the government. To save daylight he oversleeps in the morning.

J. Mannes has proved that sex exists among trains. Thru actual experience he has proven that the 11:23 is a male (mail) train.

Lives of all these men remind us

We can live a better life,
If we stick to Prof. Bishop.

And stand by his advice.

J. I. Mannes, '19

The people over in Germany are so hard up for money they are going to Hoch der Kaiser.

Harry Correnzurit has discovered by putting green glasses on a cow you can feed her sawdust.

Mr. M.—"What is proboscis?"
"Something that sticks its beak into food when it eats."

Mr. M.—"Give an example."
"Schlossberg and Marcus."

Mayer—"My great uncle used to sell sausages to the king."

Boyes—"God save the king."

Preis—"Look the tractor ran into a stump."

Saffron—"I fail to see it."
P.—"No wonder, it was a cigar stump."

Buskin.—"Mike, what time is it?"

M.—"9.15 by the 6.19 whistle."

It is self-evident that in the classroom Marcus cannot make a mistake—unless the book is wrong.

—What is a lullaby?

Mr. Y. (speaking from experience) A lullaby, my friend, is something that keeps the whole neighborhood awake while putting one kil asleep."

HEALTH HINTS

"Doc Miller

Boyes—Have not slept for several nights, what would you advise?

Ans.—Attend Zionist meetings more frequently.

Segal — Every morning I awake with a grouch, what is an inexpensive remedy?

Ans. — Buy a self starter and do away with the crank.

Wolf — Our science Club has never get-together meetings (a new disease) what can we do to end its sufferings?

Ans. — Get a little O. R. which may make them stick together, if this fails advise you to get a tree and make them hang together.

Goldbaum — Would like to know how to grow quickly? Have worn high heels, but find they wear off too soon.

Ans. — Buy a Gillette and that ought to raise you. (razor)

Touff — Have eaten all species of insects in this locality but they have failed to give a complexion.

Ans. — Eat your next three meals in Prof. M. laboratory.

A constant reader: I have personally observed that the doctor has been losing his hair. Probably due to the holes in his straw hat. I would advise him to see B. O. and get a new hat.

J. Goldstein, '19

EXCHANGES

The Gleaner acknowledges thanks:

The Optimist, South Side High School, New York, N. J.; The Indiana Boys' Advocate, Plainfield, Indiana; The Signal, New Jersey State School, Iron-ton, N. J.; Blue and Gray, Friends' Central School, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Review, Philadelphia, Pa.; The H. A. S. Record, Woodbine, N. J.; The Torch, Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.; The Bulletin, Montclair, N. J.; The Oracle, Bangor, High School, Bangor, Me.; The Eli Rah Man, Walla Walla High School, Walla Walla, Wash.; Mt. Airy World, Philadelphia, Pa.; Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md.; The Student, Portsmouth, Va.; The Leader, Suffolk High School for Boys, Boston, Mass. The Brown and White, Brown College Prys. School, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Review, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

The Optimist:—We are glad to include you on our list. Yours is a very clever and complete magazine, and shows forth a display of clever literary ability.

The Oracle:—A well arranged paper. Your different departments are well balanced, and nothing there is lacking. The

"Molly Coddle" and the "Sailor Girl" are cleverly written, and suggest the talent of your school.

The Student:—Your editorials are excellently arranged

and are very interesting. Your exchange and athletic departments are also very good. Why not add a few cuts, in order that your paper may rank with some of our first class exchanges?



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